High Horror

Nervously, i clipped the carabiner to my harness. As my eyes watched silently, the person before me smote to scream the tires with a rending thud. Gritting my teeth in fright, my numb legs stepped, shivering, into the safety zone.

i looked up at Clarke, our instructor, who looked like a tiny wax figure from where i was standing. The wind shrieked at us, battering the pole, and he gave me a nod, so slowly, but surely, i climbed up the metal ladder. When I reached the rungs, the pole shook, and I tried to scream, but the wind took my voice away. It felt like the pole had a life of its own, trying to shake me off like a rider on a wild bull. I was a kindergarten, hugging the pole like my mum, when saying goodbye. Eventually I reached the top, wiping the sweat off my brow with a breath of relief.

I stood like a monumental statue as Clarke fiddled with the bits and bobs, the carabiners and the ropes. Finally…he spoke. ”Okay, done. You ready?” I didn’t reply, only gulped and stepped forward. I let go of the ropes and stepped off.”Woooooohhooooo!!” I yelled at the top of my lungs, as I whizzed along the rope, the trees and grass a blur as I swiftly passed by, a comet racing through space, passing all the planets. Grinning, I knew this had been the wonderful, perfect highlight of my day.

By: Eli Brown 2016